

POUNDING AWAY AT GERMANY'S LINE ACROSS FRANCE



FRENCH HEAVY ARTILLERY IN ACTION IN CHAMPAGNE.

Photo by Underwood and Underwood.

SCIENTIST LOCATES THE BIBLICAL GARDEN OF EDEN IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

Prof. Ameghino, Authority on Fossils, Seeks to Prove His Own Continent Cradle of the Human Race

THE man who has been described as the world's first authority on South American fossils, thinks the Rio de la Plata may have watered the Garden of Eden. Or at least Prof. Florentino Ameghino argues that the cradle of the human race was in South America, and that all that general opinion ascribes to Mesopotamia and the Tigris-Euphrates Valley really belongs to the Argentine Republic and the Parana. Oddly enough, even the names of the two districts in Spanish, the other in Greek, mean the same thing—"The land in the midst of the river."

Prof. Ameghino, then, with commendable zeal for his native continent, holds that mankind first made its appearance on the plains of Argentina. "Certainly he has this much on his side that excepting only the 'missing link' from Java—who after all may not have been an ancestor of ours at all, but only an abortive try at humanity that never quite arrived—virtually all the very ancient human skeletons have turned up either in South America or in Europe. On the face of the returns, therefore, if man did not first set up housekeeping in Europe then South America looks like the most promising undergrowth for the leading part."

The new theory is, in brief, that after the curtain went up for the drama of human history, with temperate South America for the stage, the first act developed a considerable number of different races, perhaps as different from one another as Mongol, negro and white man are to-day, yet some of them at least quite unlike any existing people. The Baradero skeleton, for example, though its skull is much like that of some of the earliest known peoples of Europe, has enormously long arms, reaching far below the bottom of its trousers pockets.

These ancient stocks, Prof. Ameghino believes, killed one another off until only two were left. One of these, perhaps to escape extinction at the hands of the other, made its way across the South Atlantic to Africa and there became the negro race. To be sure, it took like a long journey. But the great ocean currents run exactly the right way and the summer winds are favorable. Moreover, there are islands on the course, while in recent days both South America and Africa reached further south than now and so were nearer together.

After all, South America is a good deal closer to Africa than we commonly think. Actually the whole of our native continent lies east of Flor-

ida, with Valparaiso just south of New York, and the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal nearer sunset than the Pacific end.

The other ancient race, in Prof. Ameghino's theory, consisted of the South American Indians. These made their way north and became the noble red man. Some of them crossed Bering Strait and peopled Asia.

That somebody crossed Bering Strait is certain. The Manchus would easily pass for Indians. There are peoples in the region north of Vladivostok that, given a haircut and a bath, could by no possible means be distinguished from tribes of our Pacific coast subjected to the same indignity. Clearly, either North America was peopled from Asia or else Asia was peopled from North America. There is absolutely no direct evidence to show which continent peopled the other.

Whatever theory of human origin one happens to adopt it is asserted that one has to recognize that after all there are only two sorts of men

in the world. There are black men with kinky hair, big noses, big teeth, big jaws, big eyes, set straight, small cheek bones, and long narrow heads. There are also yellow men with straight hair, small noses, small teeth, small jaws, small eyes set slanting, large cheek bones, and round heads almost as broad as they are long. Negro and Mongol represent extremes among human beings. The rest of us straddle along between the two, picking one quality here and another there, averaging up on a third, or like the blond Caucasian simply dropping out some trait that both possess.

Prof. Ameghino's theory then accounts for these two main kinds of humanity by supposing that they started together, perhaps only slightly unlike, and marched in opposite directions around the circuit of the world, getting more and more dissimilar by the way until they met, totally different, in the great racial melting pot of the Mediterranean shore. Either at the terminal station or on the journey all known races of men were

developed in the process of evolution. Obviously, however, this theory does not explain the white man. But then no theory does explain the white man. The so-called Caucasian race has always been the great ethnological enigma. Nobody really knows where the white race came from.

Prof. Ameghino's idea is that we budded off from the Mongols. On the whole most of us are more like Homo monoleucus than like Homo ethiopicus. That is to say, we are commonly somewhat yellower or redder than we are black; while most of us have to fall back on the curling tongs. Our teeth and jaws are small and these more than offset our small cheek bones and straight eyes. Taking us by and large most of us feel that a Japanese is more our sort than a Zulu is.

The conventional opinion, therefore, has long been that the original man was a negro. From him sprang the Mongol. The Mongols in their turn branched one way to the American Indian and the other to the European.

But after all, just what is a white man? The north country Britons are as gigantic as the Patagonians. The Belgians are as doll like as the Japanese. There are Hindus and Germans and Arabs who are certainly "white;" yet some of them are blacker of skin than most negroes. There are more black eyes in Europe than blue, and more dark heads than tow colored ones.

As for the outline of our skulls, one has only to look down from the front seat of the second balcony to see side by side heads that are as long and narrow as any negro's or as round as any Tartar's. We belong to a race that is neither short nor tall, neither light nor dark, neither long skulled nor round. Even our noses are large up and down and

small from side to side—when they are not of every conceivable size and shape that ever decorated any human being and some apes.

The only thing that Homo caucasicus can really tie to is his whiskers. All other races have nearly hairless bodies and virtually smooth faces. We only, of all mankind, have achieved the imperial, the "Piccadilly weeper," the upturned mustache of the Kaiser, the patriarchal beard that makes the necktie blush unseen. Not caucasicus but whiskerous is the places in the world where he turns up as the aboriginal population. From the earliest dawn of history there have been blue eyed, yellow bearded men southwest of Timbuctu. Many of the ancient Egyptians were white. All through the Libyan Desert, in the Horn of Africa, up the Nile Valley, even as far south as German East Africa, well beyond the equator, are scattered tribes who call

Traces All Peoples of the Earth Back to Negroes Who Went to Africa and the South American Indians

themselves white men and hold aloof from their black neighbors.

The Africans are, obviously white men. There are tall bearded, aquiline nosed, light brown men sprinkled over India. The savage Veddas of Ceylon are white men. So too are the head hunting Dyaks of Borneo. The primitive Australians, commonly accounted about the lowest of mankind, look more like Europeans than like anything else except baboons.

When the Japanese, ages ago, invaded their present abode, they found there a race of Caucasian savages, whom they treated just about as we have treated the Indians. A few of these aborigines still survive in the northern islands. There are Ainus in Yezo with greenish eyes, fair skins, thin hooked noses, wavy hair and great bushy beards, splendid handsome fellows, who would break hearts right and left in New York. Even Stevenson's Samoans and our own fellow citizens of the Hawaiian Islands have always been from their first discovery more white than brown.

Apparently, then, the white race once spread over most of the earth. Then the yellow drove him back and sent a wedge of round heads and straight hair through central Europe and clear into the British Isles. This accounts for the black haired, bullet headed, most un-Teutonic south Germans and Swiss. Now we are coming back and crowding other stocks off the earth.

But after all perhaps we did not evolve out of the yellow race. There is a good deal of reason for thinking that all three of the main races of mankind developed separately from a different missing link, in a different part of the earth.

If that was the fact then Homo whiskerous probably started business in the highlands that lie in western Africa, between the Desert of Sahara and the sea, not far from the sources of the River Niger. There is apparently our cradle land, to which we should be making pious pilgrimages, somewhere between Timbuctu and the Gold Coast. H. Ethiopicus, on the other hand, seems not to be African at all. He probably first became human where is now the bottom of the Indian Ocean. If he has not changed his skin he has at least very much altered his spots.

For the red-yellow group one may take his choice between the conventional central highland of Asia and Prof. Ameghino's South America. If we count the vanished Indian continent as part of Asia it seems no more than fair to give the Americas credit for the remaining third of mankind.

THE INVASION OF AMERICA—"Sniping" Brings Stern Vengeance

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way for his infantry and artillery to march along the coast to New York. Northward those cavalry masses are screening him against any attempt by our army either to fall on his forces in Connecticut or to move around north of him and attack the rear of his divisions that are marching on Boston. It isn't tactics. It's simple, common sense use of numerical superiority."

The President played with a pile of despatches. They were from Boston and New York. "You say that those companies of coast artillery from the South got through?"

"I had a message from the commander of the artillery district of Boston," he said. "The six companies arrived at Fort Banks yesterday morning. They had to go around by way of Lake Champlain and Vermont, but they got through. That will at least give the men some relief if there should be a sustained action."

"You are sure it was not a mistake to—sacrifice them?" asked the President.

The General shrugged his shoulders. "There are some things that one simply must do," he said. "We had to give New York and Boston something. We absolutely must make some sort of fight for them."

The commander of the harbor defenses of Boston was not concerned himself about the occult reasons that had inspired the reinforcements. He had been praying for men, for he needed half a dozen men wherever he had one.

Now that he had them, he waited for no orders and asked for no instructions. He loaded quartermaster's boats with detachments and rushed them to the waterfront of Boston and Chelsea, where he knew of things he wanted. They returned with two tons of explosives and miscellaneous ordnance material that had been seized from merchants. He seized barb wire. From electric light plants and power works he obtained by the same simple method some forty miles of lead covered cable for his mine fields, and from ships in the harbor he took half a dozen searchlights.

Before night, too, he had men entrenched behind entanglements with machine guns on the narrow neck of land that leads to Nahant's broad cliff promontory on the north of Boston harbor, to protect position finding stations there and a great 60 inch searchlight.

Southward at Point Allerton, on the long cape that juts toward Boston harbor from Nantasket Beach, to defend the stations and searchlights and approaches of Fort Revere with its

mighty batteries he placed a strong force of heavy artillery.

This was the point where he feared a landing most. He built an armored train, seizing the material from the town of Hull, and armed it with quick flinters that it might be sent to threatened places.

Outposts were sent as far as Nantasket for fear the enemy should try to land there or cross the narrow neck and take boats over it into the bay behind.

Beyond Fort Revere he destroyed certain houses that would interfere with the firing. At the far outlying islands called the Graves he posted men with signal rockets. He sent scout boats to lie at sea beyond the firing zone, from Nahant to the spot where the searchlight was moored in times of peace.

Within forty hours he had doubled the strength of his defense because he had the men. He looked up at a hostile aeroplane, flying well beyond gunshot. They had become almost commonplace objects in Boston's sky during the past days. "Well, come on!" he said. "You and your ships! We'll give you a whirl!"

He was awakened at 1 o'clock that morning. The "whirl" had begun. Ships were standing in toward Nahant

Bay in the north and off Cohasset in the south. Fifteen minutes toward the people of Boston and Charlestown and Brookline, of Quincy and Weymouth, Hingham and Lynn, were brought out of their beds by explosions that shook the houses.

Now with 15 and 16 inch guns were bombarding Fort Revere and the fort was answering with its 12 inch guns. Armored cruisers were firing on Standish. Armored cruisers and battle cruisers were throwing 12 and 14 inch shells into Deer Island and on Winthrop. Battleships lying north of Nahant in Nahant Bay, and thus invisible to the Boston defenses and not to be reached by searchlights, were bombarding Forts Banks and Heath.

Fort Warren was firing at them over Boston Light. Fort Andrews loosed its batteries.

There was bombardment from three inch guns along the beaches, north and south, where destroyers were attacking the coast stations under heavy fire in reply from the defenders on the land.

Southeast, on the horizon, there sprang up a dull glow that became greatly red and grew swiftly to pulsating flame. It was the town of Hull burning.

The people in South Boston, looking seaward, saw lights appear in the sky over the outer harbor islands. They slipped slowly downward, leaving long trails of stars behind that hung burning, in the air as if they had been fixed there.

The falling lights opened, like monster flowers, into glaring spectrally

8.—So developed in sea and land maneuvers undertaken for the purpose of establishing the very points here mentioned.

white flame just before they reached the earth. All the harbor where they fell stood revealed as in a lightning flash; but this flame did not go out like a lightning flash. It burned steady, inextinguishable, for long minutes.

They were star bombs that were being dropped on the forts by the great war fowl, the iron breasted aeroplanes. The white lights glared below and the hanging lights in the air that stood like a lighted staff pointed out the forts to the hooded cannon of their iron sisters out at sea.

Fired at from sea and sky the forts replied and shook the earth. Faster and faster hurried the fire from the hidden ocean. Five ships were firing their secondary batteries to destroy an outlying searchlight at a range of 6,000 yards. It was said afterward that at least 500 projectiles were expended at that one mark alone.

In a great semicircle around Boston Harbor, from Nahant out to sea and curving in again toward Cohasset on the south, lay the flaming, roaring line firing at the defenses all night long till the dawn began to whiten.

And behind Boston, inland, the other great armed semicircle was concentrating steadily, swiftly.

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Next Sunday's installment of "The Invasion of America" will describe the investment of Boston and the enemy's attempt to turn the harbor defenses from the rear.

10.—It is estimated, from careful calculations, that to put out of action a searchlight at night with shrapnel at a range of 6,000 yards more than a thousand shots from three inch guns should be required.